

# SUB HUMAN



may/june 1987

eccentric video & film

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**no. 6**

**may/june 1987**

**cecil doyle**  
*editor layout*

**dawn doyle**  
*assistant editor  
typesetting layout*

*contributing writers:*  
**greg goodsell  
kris gilpin  
david dodge**

**thanx to james burnett**

**BARF!**

ALL I WANTED WAS \$3.00  
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TO SUBHUMAN

**TO AVOID  
FAINTING  
KEEP REPEATING,  
IT'S ONLY A MOVIE  
..ONLY A MOVIE  
..ONLY A MOVIE  
..ONLY A MOVIE  
..ONLY A MOVIE  
..ONLY A MOVIE**



**SUB HUMAN** **cecil doyle**  
1509 west st. mary  
lafayette, la. 70506

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yep, here we go beginning SUBHUMAN's first anniversary issue. shouldn't we at least have a picture of a piece of fuckin' cake or somethin'? new, i hate it when a shitbag like this goes on blowin' it's cornhole about stayin' round for awhile, having survived however long and all this other crap on to current stuff, we've slapped together a batch of some of the best reviews submitted to us yet for this particular number. many of them are extended to all out there who have been reading in such quality reviews, letters and opinions. you make it all worthwhile. you may also notice this issue being a few pages thicker. gee, never know how big (or small) a copy of SUB is gonna be!....if you've been low on money to go out or rent movies lately, at least the World News has been doing it's part to entertain us. that movie of reality transmitted nightly into our homes only broken down to the daily soap opera format. it's gain' on all of the time at my house. getting sick of it.....wasn't the opening number during the recent Academy awards presentation a riot? i know i won't soon forget that nifty ditty sung by those newcomers of exonerate, Telly Savalas, Mel Linden, Pat Morita and Don DeLuise. unsettling is the image of DeLuise in song with the Blue Velvet logo shining behind.....check out the putrid outbreak of equal- ities coming around: american ninja 3, missing in action 3, phantom 3, superman 4, delta force 3, death wish 4, return of the living dead part two, need i go on.....greg goodwell has taken his doctor's advice and kept his mouth shut!.....time to throw a few plugs at ya. now y'all let us know if you think a little too much space is being taken up for ads and plugs, are they helpful to ya or at least appealing to the eye? not that i think i should be snobby and stop passing on some good shit to ya. just wondered if all this was fuckin' you off!....deanna calls editor Viscal Violence out of australia where nearly the majority of all explicit violence and gore on screen is censored. the second issue has recently come out and it looks like this 'un is already maturing nicely. let us note however that this publication is geared for strictly gorehounds. most films are noted and judged for their gize content, so you have a measuring scale to compare it to. i think Jeff Smith called it a sort of Aussie 81 Tech Terror? you'll have to judge for yourself by sending \$9 for 12 issues too: darrin cole, 16 romanus street, winston hills, n.s.w. 2153) .....speakin' of 81 Tech Terror, ol' buddy Craig Ledbetter is gonna shoot for doin' all the reviews himself. as you all know, ST7 contained the most varied line of contributors of just about any zine in existence. so much so, that Ledbetter felt it was time for him to get back in and do more of his own reviewing for a change. that's cool, Craig. just so you stay in there with us, buddy.....well, on with the stuff. enough of my pointless ramartin'. on with the festivities.....

*Balling Baby*



SEVEN SAVAGE PUNKS ON A WEEKEND BINGE OF VIOLENCE!



Meadow Lane?!

# SUB HUMAN

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# BIG BUCKS BURNETT

Mister Ed, Bad Art & Velvis

by cecil doyle



"Time and Ed wait for no man." Words to live by, straight from the mouth of TV's first non-cartoon talking horse. The cathode ray surrealism of **MISTER ED** entered the American public's psyche at just about the same point in time that I was thrust into the real life horrors of a public school education. Ed seemed a more fitting attention holder to a six-year-old than Mrs. Morningbegg. The show was consistent to the other distractions of entertainment that bore holes thru my soul during these formative years. (The series ran on CBS from 1961 thru 1965) Another weeknight escape that festered the brain in-between weekend double features of teenage horror and toga quickies at the cinema. The story of a silly little architect named Wilbur, whose talking palomino with loads more "horse sense" than his owner, got him into more shit because of his curious eccentricities than four years of prime-time could muster. After 143 episodes, the show left the air to become a curiosity piece of syndicated television, playing various local markets throughout the nation. A fondly remembered TV staple that never achieved the legendary status of programs like **THE HONEYMOONERS** or **I LOVE LUCY**. Fondly remembered; but rarely appreciated by the masses.

Lately, it appears that all of that is changing. **MISTER ED** is on his surfboard riding on the crest of the latest batch of television series of yore currently experiencing a comeback trail of popularity. Cable channels like **NICKLODEON** are piping him into our living rooms nightly and *The Beastie Boys* sing about him. This time around, he could well be on his way to achieving the recognition he deserves. There's something in that old black n white filmed program that radiates a strangeness that today's bland, videotaped-before-a-live-audience-sitcoms could never brush upon. Maybe it's because the alternate universe of **ED** is seen through his eyes (horses see in black and white... learned that in one episode!!) Other times I find myself almost wondering if Wilbur truly IS as bonkers as everyone thinks he is... perhaps the whole series is the mental interpretation of reality for Wilbur Post?!! In the pilot episode, after discovering his new horse lays a mean rap, Wilbur inquires why he was chosen to be the lone spoken-upon by this steed. Ed states it then, simply and with pointed stick honesty, "Don't try to (understand). It's bigger than the both of us". From then on, Ed and Wilbur go thru loads of memorable experiences with Wilbur's better half, Carol (Connie Hines... best look'n TV wife in history); neighborhood grouch, Roger Addison (Larry Keating) and his compliment-abundant wife, Kay (Edna Skinner). Remember Ed playing baseball with the L.A. Dodgers and sliding into home base? Or driving a milk truck through downtown Los Angeles? Or Ed slipping his hormones over Mae West? Or the animated partying alien, Moko, who takes over Wilbur's body and transforms him into a dancing maniac? Or when Wilbur constructed that wonderfully tacky chair made out of Ed's old horseshoes? Or when Ed went beatnik? Experiences cherished by many of us... but particularly by one "Big Bucks" Burnett.

Big Bucks began the Mister Ed Fan Club back in 1974 when "Edmania" was but a twinkle in the eyes of early devotees of the well-versed steed. In fact, in the beginning, it had nothing to do with the celebrated talking horse, other than using his namesake as the mock title of Burnett's off-the-wall publication. "Ed wasn't even mentioned in the magazine for the first six issues", remarked Burnett to me over the phone recently... "and I had never seen the program until 1983"! Nevertheless, this haphazard chain of events have brought the Ed Fan Club to the attention of many. Mentions in several publications (including **SPIN**, **FILM COMMENT** and helping on Ed's chapter in John Javna's recent book, **CULT TV**) as well as sponsoring Dallas area events like **EDSTOCK** and **LIVE ED**, have put this man to the forefront of this growing phenomenon. His zine, **THE HORSE'S MOUTH** along with a little publicity and contacts with the "right" stars, helped spawn these occasions.

"I met Tiny Tim in '79 and approached him to appear at **EDSTOCK**. He not only agreed but recorded a single with his group, The Gloomchasers, in '84 when we were just about ready to finally go through with the whole thing. Of course, this was the infamous Ed Theme Song available on Broken Records on colored vinyl in a picture sleeve available from me" says Burnett. "Last summer we did **LIVE ED** in which Alan Young made an appearance also and he presented me with the only remaining back pair of Mr. Ed's horseshoes. Only four of his left on Earth... two front legs are in California and his back legs are in Texas!" The club is currently in full swing with Edheads worldwide receiving the official club journal, **ED** (8 pages of EDwareness) and donating money to projects like **EDSTAR**, in hopes of getting our main talking horse a star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame.

Burnett has embarked into deeper territory of bizarre media by opening his own Museum Of Bad Art (or **MOBA**). Located in a 12-by-6-foot room at 6315 Prospect Avenue in east Dallas, this exhibit of the absurd opened earlier this year to, I'm sure, varied response. Big Bucks' latest project is a visual folly of 3-D Biblical portraits, hideously ugly furniture and an incredible collection of "bad" album covers (a seldom celebrated art form). "Stuff like **EDDIE ALBERT-ONE GOD**, **TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD WITH THE SAN QUENTIN PRISON CHOIR** and all forms of low-quality junk". This Pepto Bismol-pink-walled wonder is open to the public on Saturdays from 8 thru 10 (p.m. I presume). Various levels of donations are accepted care of the Fan Club address (James Burnett, PO Box 1008, Cedar Hill, TX 75104 USA) and for a \$15 handout, receive **BAD ART DIGEST (BAD)** on an occasional basis. He is also in the midst of organizing the first Bad Art Festival as well as an exhibit of velvet portraits of the King of Rock n Roll, simply entitled **VELVIS**. "It'll be held on August 16, the tenth anniversary of Elvis' moving on to an even higher stage". I have to admire ol' Big Bucks. "Bad Art is the disease... and I'm the curator".

After briefly discussing the Mr. Ed series, I found out that Burnett's personal favorite episode was the one with Clint Eastwood and that we shared a preference of that "lovable grinch", Roger Addison over the pushy Col. Kirkwood, as favorite next door neighbors to the Post household. Oh, let me not forget to remind those interested in the Fan Club that for a \$10 membership, you will receive: a 4-issue subscription to **ED Magazine**, an 8x10 glossy of Ed with his buddy-boy, Wilbur, membership card and an Official Folded Brochure with loads of information about the club.

After hanging up the phone, I realized I had forgotten to ask Big Bucks what he thought about Ed having some sort of homosexual tendencies toward Wilbur. That reminds me; Dawn Doyle (my lovely assistant-editor wife) thinks Alan Young looks almost **EXACTLY** like Ed Wood, particularly in **GLEN OR GLENDA**. Oh well, looks like even old television series have coincidental and subliminal tendencies. Shit, Cecil. What do you expect when you're dealin' with a snide, opinionated talking horse.

"I don't dig singing the blues, pops. I'm like a hip swinging cat, man."

MR ED FAN CLUB  
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# Vidiot Pigs

by dawn doyle



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# VENI VIDI VICI

## Army Brats

reviewed by  
Kris Gilpin

This is a bit of a rarity: an imported Gonzo comedy, now out on tape. *Army Brats* appears to be of German origin; it has Anglicized opening credits which were supered in on video and the dubbing was done uncaringly, but the off-beat subject matter is such that it isn't really distracting. This is the story of the Gisherts, a "typically" modern family who dislike one another; in fact they spend the entire running time of the flick devising ways to fuck each other up. (Mom has already screwed daughter Madeline's boyfriend behind Maddy's and Dad's back; could it be because the young girl likes to make it with him in Mom's bed? The two youngest boys call Mom a bitch and flip Dad off and fart at the dinner table, so he sticks them up on top of the bookshelf. Chris, the teenage son, likes to spy on his sister through a hole in the wall as she gets dressed; this actress looks to be all of 16 years, and they have her flash her skin through the whole film.) I normally don't like to simply spit back out a synopsis and call it a review but, since this is a one-joke comedy, there's not much more to say, so here goes: The father is a helicopter pilot whose team is being grilled for World War III, and life at home is strained by moments such as the kids having the front end of the family car pulled off and blowing up their parent's bedroom in the morning (it's never said what brought the family to this point, past any comment on the alienation of the modern household, which helps to add to the over-all bizarre nature of the flick. And it all works because they haven't labored the humor with dipshit Muzak or such things as that). It is after the children flood the house that Dad calls an all-out war against his family over dinner one night. When the teens hear of their folk's plans of sending them to reform school, they take over the house, boarding up the place with barbed wire. The father calls in the Army, who demolish the place trying to get in (some photography in these scenes is colorful and "spooky"). There is one stunning moment when the boyfriend comes to their aid in the house and, after Madeline tries to tell him off, breaks into song as the color tints red (U); the others chip in some extra dialogue in the background ("Go on!" "Go to him!") between lyrics; it's a great plump on those dipshit old musicals! (This scene abruptly cuts to a close-up of the girl's breasts, as the young lovers next take to the sheets.) Dad comes back with an axe as he, now crazed, hacks his way into their home and stalks his kids in the dark. Who will survive?! It all comes to a weird, amusing end in this Warner Home Video release, complete with a properly stupid written history (a la *American Graffiti*) of the fates of the characters left alive. *Army Brats* is different (which always earns a film at least one extra notch of respect in my book), and it's real strange and amusing enough to be worth the price of a rental.


The news is all abuzz with the case of the Jersey teen quartet who gassed themselves in a garage. Two others quickly paid homage in a likewise deadly fashion. Were these concerned youths uptight over the bomb, failed relationships, or problems that their young collective minds had no resources or experiences to fall back upon? Or was it those weekly visits to the real home to see gramps and granny with their mottled flesh, colostomy bags, catheter tubes, and—horror of all horrors—WRINKLES, who, through their cordial smiles and reminiscences of better days hammer home to them that "You too, shall fall this way?"

If this theory is correct—it may not be, but I doubt if director Foides is more than thirty at the same time of this writing, then Nightmares, technique notwithstanding, is both indicative and indicting of what horrors lurked inside its makers heads. Rent this, laugh at it's shortcomings, then check your eyes for laugh lines... the one transformation not limited by special effects wizardry. Besh a granny tonight.

Readin', Writin' and Radiation!

A LLOYD BAUFMAN/MICHAEL HERS PRODUCTION

# CLASS OF NUKE'EM HIGH



Midnight  
FRI. & SAT.!

A WALTER  
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**Waverly TWIN**  
3rd St. & 6th Ave. WA 9 6037

by  
**cecil  
doyle**

Whatta ya know? Just when everybody was making public their personal loathing of a certain ultra-low budget film operation, they start shurain' out danderly outrageous "cult movie hits" geared for an Eighties audience. Not long ago, Troma Inc. was known as the cheapest of the cheap exploitation companies striving in a business overrun by the parasites of already bad parodies.....well, they essentially haven't changed but they suddenly have a couple of sure-fire aces in their hand with their pair of "nuclear comedies", the great **NUKE AVenger** and their currently growing hit, **CLASS OF NUKE'EM HIGH**. It's a ray of hope to assuming my auld that there may still be a bright future ahead for entertaining trash cinema. And trash that could only be apocryph of this generation.

Once again set in the fictional town of Tromaville, **CLASS OF NUKE'EM HIGH** is both brilliantly nihilistic yet right on that target named Reality. A near-cartoon of a movie that somehow manages to be a greater cinematic statement on our Nuclear Times than **BILLYWOOD** or **CHINA STONEROCK** could ever be! Shit, much more so since it also holds a reflection of today's youth culture, not all that exaggerated when you really think about it.

Briefly, the story concerns itself with a high school that becomes contaminated by the local nuclear power plant located next door. A cornucopia of weird shit comes down: nerds puke green pus and the honor roll kids become a mutant gang of subhuman called The Grattins. They terrorize the school and sell pot they purchase from the power plant (atomic weed). This primo dope has devastating effects on two of the straightest kids on campus when the guy becomes fixated with hallucinations and violent fits of rage and his girl becomes megachorny prior to birthin' a mutant insectoid in the john.

Directed by Richard Baines and Samuel Ball, **CLASS** is well the finest thing defecated from Baufman/Hers to date. You know, it's damn scary to sit and laugh at such intensified versions of the truth. There's so much in this film, it's staggering. **SPACESHIP** editor, Marty Kling suggests we pull a **NUKE'EM HIGH** Specimen but I fear it would damn more of a failure than our **BLUE VELVET** Foras (later in this ish). If you doubt what I say, see it again and watch closely. Read between the frames. There's a big lesson to learn at **NUKE'EM HIGH**.

Note: as we go to press, Troma prepares to unleash **MONSTER IN THE CLOSET** to NYC area at mid-month. I hear it's about a gay monster! No shit....faggot horror!



# NIGHTSTALKER

## Bashing the Elderly by greg goodsell



*"If your project is about teenagers who are prematurely aged to senility by a certain sex act and then take out their revenge by killing new-born infants, describe it as a horror film combining the best of *Cocoon* and *Back to the Future*."*

—John Waters, "How Not to Make a Movie"

*"Aging—what a disgusting topic."*

—Bill Lando on Steven Spielberg's segment in *Twilight Zone, The Movie*

Art is what astounds us. Bad films astound us—how in the hell did this thing get made without somebody telling the filmmakers "you must be joking!" *Nightstalker* (1978—not the vampire-in-Vegas TV film that was made into the supernatural series *Kolchak* in the mid-Seventies. This is a hastily re-edited independent production of which I have absolutely no information) is precisely that. How? What? Why? The first effort of a junior high film class would be superior! Ah, but we're getting ahead of ourselves. . . .

*Nightstalker* is brought to us courtesy of Thriller Video, a company that re-releases such made-for-TV hits such as Dan "Dark Shadows" Curtis' late-night video remakes of classic horror such as *Frankenstein* and *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* and Hammer video productions from their British Hammer House of Horror series. Most are hosted by that cheery vampire icon Elvira, with her own brand of schlock-tick wit. But there are three where even this status-quo ghoul matriarch will pass her hosting duties on certain projects she feels too depraved and lowbrow even for her—one was the infamous *Make Them Disappear*. The other? *Nightstalker*!

"Not recommended for persons under 18 years of age!" the cover art ironically warns. The presence of Aldo Ray (the guy must work for a sloppack of beer for all the druck he's in as of late—if Cameron Mitchell isn't careful, he's going to lose his title) and watched box art tag this as required viewing.

The film begins with an admonition, "This film is fact, though it is based on things that have happened throughout the centuries." 12000 years ago, the queen mother of a prehistoric tribe condemns her son and daughter to eternal life for their attempt at same via cannibalism of children and demon worship. They are to live as such until 12000 years hence, when the star constellation has completed the rotation of the zodiac and twin wolf stars align with the moon, to which her son must sacrifice his own virgin daughter to eternal damnation. If they succeed—eternal life. If they fail—eternal damnation in her stead.

Right away we know we're in for a "winner." The costuming, photography, lighting, props, sets, acting, direction are all beneath wretched. In particular, the queen mother is portrayed by the 16-year old actress who will later play the film's heroine. The make-up is strictly the "old man" make-up kits sold in toy stores. As the film swings to modern day, we follow the tribal son as he rejuvenates himself to youthful appearance by leeching out the entrails of still-living teenagers, to which he scarfs down red and steaming—really gross! Relocating to Hollywood, he seduces and marries his landlady while tending to his decrepit sister who lives in an abandoned house in a park(?). Producing a noble female daughter, destiny, not to mention considerable gore, nudity, and sleaze (I was outraged at a scene where the young heroine is graphically felt up by abductors in a speeding van—where were the outraged public moralists that day?) compels her into a savage showdown on her sixteenth birthday.

Every aspect of *Nightstalker* is dismal. Director Lawrence D. Foldes is so inept we are led to believe one girl is murdered only to have it later revealed it was another girl instead. Foldes has no idea or knowledge about continuity, logic, or camera placement. The aforementioned speeding van is sent careening off a ramp exploding in a apocalyptic explosion with everyone supposedly killed, only to have the harassed heroine shown in the next moment several feet away with nary a scratch!

After an interminable display of inept lighting, poor acting, bad make-up, lousy photography, atrocious dialogue (seeing as *Plan 9 from Outer Space* ups us to its lack of quality immediately from its inspired title, one wonders what the original title of this turkey was. The latest title betrays? *Mean Old Star People? Deadly Strixian Gh(??)* this writer threw up his hands and exclaimed, "What is this? A high school film project? The product of a rich young limboer blowing his inheritance on a horror movie project in lieu of filming his relatives? A film made by morose children, a—"

It suddenly hit me. Hard.

Rewinding the tape I took inventory of the performers. With the exception of Aldo Ray in a throw-away cameo, no one in the film appeared older than twenty-three. The store-bought make-up kit didn't do too much good concealing the fact that over 80% of the cast was not older than twenty, or even eighteen. In many cases, when the part of an older person was required, Foldes would economically show the back of the actor's head in lieu of make-up. Most of the film concentrates on the heroine's adventures with a group of pre-teen runaways, living in an abandoned house away from the prying hands of their parents or adult figures. I sat me to thinking. . . .

Was this movie the product of child filmmakers? The title indicated that the film was definitely in "naïve" hands. There are some movies that are better scripted and directed. It was not unlike the cinematic equivalent of the Shaggy's Philosophy of the World album or the crude, endearing playlets elementary school children perform in their attempts to halt pollution or nuclear war. Was this the actual case?

If so, ponder the film's message: age is a horror that is postponed through the mutilation and cannibalization of the young. Horror films address indirectly what truly bothers the filmmakers/audience: *Frankenstein* (1931), Germanic advances, *Night of the Living Dead*, fear of the mob, *Nightmare on Elm Street*, teen suicide. . . .

# INVASION OF THE BLOOD FARMERS

reviewed by  
**david dodge**



**SEE WHAT REALLY HAPPENS  
ON A TERROR FARM!**

Sometimes in producing a film, all you need is a title. It worked for Nicholson and Arkoff, and it worked for Ed Kelleher with his acid porn pic *BLONDE ON A BUM TRIP*. Raising funds for his second flick wasn't much problem either, and soon together with Ed Adlum (later a rock publicist and author) came the script. In writing it they decided on a brutal slaying every seven minutes whether it was warranted or not. The source of the slaughter was a band of druids snatching the local yokels of Jefferson Valley (actually upstate New York) and inducing their victims with the Fruit of Something-or-other in an attempt to perserve and revive their undead queen, but they can't survive feeding off the blood of hicks for long. Their troubles are compounded by one selfish blood junkie who goes around bopping folks with his redplated walking cane such as a honeymooning groom in the middle of his shower while his bride snoozes. Another unfortunate happens to be a handsome dog belonging to the daughter of the local pathologist, who's obsessed with a specimen of blood taken from one of the Blood Farmers stray livestock. The blood doesn't dry, it multiplies. Just ask the babbling hippie janitor trying to scrub it off the barroom floor. When a pair of the Blood Farmers overhear him airing his suspicions about the goings-on over at the Whitaker place, it isn't long before he's yanked off his drunken feet and hauled away to have his blood draigned out of him through a tube stuck in his crotch.

One of the culprits turns out to be an academic colleague of our resident pathologist, who allays everyone's fears by insisting he's merely experimenting with atomic bombardment. Maybe the bunch of them should move to Three Mile Island.

The poop hits the fan when Doc and his daughter are hijacked by the neighbors who rejoice in discovering the latter's fluids are just what their dormant majesty needs in order to wake up to life. The climatic ritual takes place amid conflicting shots of a blurry red tinted skyline alternating with noon time sunshine. But the day is saved when the doc's best pupil and his child's beloved, crashes the party. The most horrifying sight in the picture is yet to come though, never mind the detailed Blood Farmings done with a swimming pool pump, the beheading scene that ends all to abruptly, the fact that Michael Findlay, director of Adlum-Kelleher production of *SHREIK OF THE MUTILATED* contributed his talents as an editor or that this grisly gem is in the hands of Regal Video, described by one T. Ferrante as "crooks". What's really revolting is the unveiling of the new family pet—a god damn sissy poodle! Yuch!

# Invasion USA

reviewed by David Dodge



One thing upfront: I know that to hardened shoot'em up-blow'em up-xxx'n violence fetishists, the notion of an impassioned thumbs up to a film starring an aging karate champ hasfucks and that the director's other credits include the turgid **MISSING IN ACTION**, the Savini splatter shitters **FRIDAY THE 13th: THE FINAL CHAPTER** and **THE PROWLER** (a.k.a. **ROSEMARY'S KILLER**), as well as the Patty Hearst inspired **ABDUCTION** will induce a deafening wall of groans and jeers. A frigging **RED DAWN** rip-off they hallow. But take it from one who slept through **RAMBO**: this flick is mean. It bites. Harris may ster, but Richard Lynch as the ruthless Rostov shines. Masquerading as a Coast Guardsman he commands the machine-gunning of a banana boat full of Cuban refugees and nose candy. Utilizing the latter he poses as a coke dealer and wastes no time wasting a pimp-pusher's bodyguards and shooting their hoes in the balls, as well as mutilating a whore's nose with a coke straw then tossing her out a window. "Soft spineless decadents," he hisses, "They don't even understand the nature of their freedom or how we can use it against them."

With the aid of Nikka and his terrorist commandos they annihilate suburban hames full of Christmas cheer, incite/race riots while in top gear and bomb a shopping mall full of security guards too concerned with bubble gum chewing habits to notice the dirty rats right under their noses. Chuck's intent to live like Crocodile Dundee in the Everglades until Rostov murders one of his fellow alligator hunting frog sitting swamp rot pals, then he gets mad and gets even. In a two-fisted, gunslinging, fast driving fashion he razzes screaming limos, school-buses full of kids, churches full of worshippers, irate supermarket shoppers and one seazy hitch of a reporter from extermination. Rostov's already consuming obsession with his American adversary causes him to desert his cause. While he watches TV news coverage of his exploits, Chuck blankly stares at a TV screen showing **EARTH vs FLYING SAUCERS** as the latter wreck in our nation's capital until he's arrested as a vigilante. But his incarceration proves to be mere bait for Rostov and company. "It's time to die," says Chuck. **BOOM!**

With Tom Savini manning the squibs and other messy stuff the blood flows while the flick sizzles with sleaze and sodium. And once again we have the film's chief asset Mr. Lynch giving a demented performance that ranks highly with his portrayal of the Christ-like hermaphrodite spawn of extraterrestrials in Larry Cohen's **GOD TOLD ME TO**, and more recently, his Jesus Town survivor turned aka pirate in Ruggero Deodato's **CUT AND RUN**. Never mind **AMERIKA**, someone slip Garbage a copy of this.

# Blue Velvet Forum

A FILM BY  
DAVID LYNCH



After three or four months of gathering comments for what I'd hoped to be a lengthy yet interesting but stimulating rapport between enthusiasts of the incredible BLUE VELVET, we only squeezed three or

four of you into getting involved. What we have here is a short but stimulating rapport from fellow readers who decided to share their bouts with BV with the rest of us. Many wrote in wishing to participate, only they hadn't experienced it yet. Now that BLUE VELVET has become available on videocassette (from Earl/Lorimar) perhaps the response will pay off for our running collective analysis and comparisons. Unless a shower commences, expect this to be the last of the BV Forums. Buy it! Rent it! Copy it! Watch it every day! As, fuck it!



one  
surve  
fuck



BLUE VELVET is a real grower. It is a very male-oriented film due to the fact that Kyle MacLachlan is living out the adolescent fantasy that most of us go through. On one side, he has the insatiable older woman who satisfies his sexual desires whilst he also has the wholesome Laura Dern, who supplies the love in his life. This is obviously why Lynch ends the film with the revelation that Kyle has been dreaming all along. This was element is also the reason why women are offended by the film. The abuse of Snowball's character by the demented Kopper is disturbing but even more so, is the subsequent similar treatment that our supposed "hard" dishes out to her.

- Brett Carter  
Gladerville, Australia

Probably the most overrated, unradical film of the 80's; offensive only to Yuppies and sheltered suburbanites, this David Lynch defecation shocked conservatives as it was it's way to American mainstream theatres. Now lucky we are. I'm not saying the film is bad, but radical films like this have existed since film was invented and the businessmen found out how to market. It's about time the mainstream viewing audience got a taste of a film that "makes you think". Let's hope it continues and like John Waters said, "I want to bring as many of my strange obsessions into the mainstream as possible". Hopefully there will be no interference from God via Oral Roberts.

- Christian Gore  
Royal Oak, MI

I saw one very expensive premiere at the Copley Place Cinema, located in a ritzy wall that has that TOWERING EIFFEL ambience. The main treat advertised was the highly publicized appearance of one D. Lynch himself, who merely walked up, introduced himself and his film, told the audience with a smile that he'd like to talk more but that he was on the verge of a heart attack. He wished everyone a good time, then left. Ten fuckin' bucks for that? Good thing my girlfriend was treating! As for BV, there isn't much if anything I could say to add to the BV experience, or adequately impart some of it's wonder; though I almost wish it was a complete obscure piece so I could get away plagiarizing it! It's still playing here and will continue the trendy education pseudo intellectuals and cultural snobs have for it.

- David Dodge  
Northbrook, MI

I didn't go as far as over it as I get the impression you did, but I still thought it was superior to much of what's come out in the last few years. As I see it, it's most notable in a couple of areas: 1.) It captures the "tone" of the early Sixties perhaps better than any other picture I can think of, and yet it doesn't resort to the pretentious, heavy handed "gimmicks" that many such flicks - especially the ones that think "nostalgia" is sufficient in itself - do; nor do I recall it ever coming right out and saying when it's sat, as if that very pronouncement is supposed to make us fall down and prostrate ourselves. Perhaps this "tone" comes across so well because it is depicted not as an "epoch observed from a different epoch" but as a "here and now" (?). 2) When it pulls a bit of black humor, it doesn't do so in that ostentatious style of too many recent movies wherein you can just see the director sitting back with an infantile grin on his lips saying, "ain't it something?" and it's one of the few films I've seen that when it pays homage to past film noir, doesn't smuck of nothing more than sophisticated ripoff given us with an obtrusive sledgehammer designed to dazzle the impressionable with the revelation that the director has seen some of the great flicks of the viewer. BLUE VELVET ventures into the artistic without resorting to that rip called "arty-farty".

- Dave Saurak  
Detroit MI

*Blue Velvet*  
...on seeing it (BLUE VELVET) again - check  
out henchman John Mance's golfing hat  
& outfit and Kyle's father after  
his stroke at the end -  
it's a strange  
world,  
isn't it? - Greg Goodsell



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# STREET TRASH

by Kris Gilpin



Apparently expanded from his 15-minute short, **Street Trash** is the first feature from 24-year-old Jim Muro. I caught the show at a Midnight screening during AFI's L.A. Film Festival of March of this year (it showed after Nicolas **(The Man Who Fell To Earth, Performance)** Roeg's latest film, **Casta-way**; it's a good one but takes the first half of the movie before it becomes involving. And it's good to see Oliver Reed in a good film, giving a fine performance, after all these years!). The director was on hand to answer questions after the screening.

Shot for a scant half-million dollars, **Street Trash** was filmed in 16mm; it must've been Super (Duper) 16mm since the image is excellent, and the flowing "Steadicam" work is just as impressive. Muro is a talent to watch for as it is obvious he knew (for the most part) how to make the film he wanted to make. The main trouble with his first flick, though, is the script; it's like watching two movies in one.

The feature begins and ends with the story of a case of Viper booze, which is discovered and distributed amongst hobos in the area. Guzzling the hooch causes the derelicts to melt whilst spewing multi-colored bile; then huge guts, heads and even breasts dissolve/blow up real good. The gore/puke on display is great work, and wonderfully disgusting.

Then, the middle third of the story concerns itself with a generic Tough Cop; although the acting for such a flick is good throughout, this guy's story doesn't really have a lot to do with the rest of the film, and there is too much dialogue in this portion of the feature (was this chunk filmed later and stuck into the middle of the shorter version?). There is also an almost-misogynistic strain running through the movie although, in fairness, one supposes, the vagrants play catch with a guy's severed dick at one point. And the herd vulgarity throughout the soundtrack is a fuck you if you can't take the joke-type attitude with it (find refreshingly rare in film. And it is only the more obvious attempts at humor which lie flat on the screen (although the young actor in the leg sequence, which runs through the end credits, is terrific).

The Head Honcho hobo (named Bronson) has Vietnam flashbacks which, of course, are slightly ambitious for such a production. **Street Trash** would've been better with some screenplay finetuning but, in all, is definitely worth seeing or (one day) renting cheaply. Two years in the making, it should see moderate success on Midnight circuits; the all-important Sleaze Quotient makes it worth a look.

## Street



## Trash

**To Greg Goodsell's REGAL VIDEO  
Piece of Last Issue**

The Regal Video article was of interest as all three films which were reviewed have recently been rented out by yours truly. I would like to give Mr. Greg Goodsell a little more information on the film, **THEY**. It also plays under the title, **INVASION FROM INNER SPACE** and is reviewed as such in volume #2 of Donald C. Willis' indispensable "Horror and Science Fiction Film LP". Also, Bill Abene is the producer and not Bill Haber. Another Regal Video gem not mentioned in the article is **BLOOD FREAK** which is an early B-movie film with the most ridiculous monster I have yet seen. It makes the walking carpet monster from **CRISPIN TERRY** and the flap bowl ape monster from **BOB MONSTER** seem frightening by comparison.

Russ Weissburger

Tell Goodsell that Gunnar Hansen plays a collage professor type at a party in **THE EVIL MASTER**. He looks nothing like you would expect.

Craig Ledbetter

**NIGHTMARE CIRCUS** wasn't a video retitled of **BARN OF THE MAILED DEAD**....That was one of it's several rarely used theatrical a.k.a.s others being **TERROR CIRCUS**, just plain **BARN OF THE DEAD** and **BARN OF THE LIVING DEAD** which when compared to the script, makes no sense whatsoever. In addition, several years ago drive-ins around here were running an obscenity called simply, **THE BARN**. Publicity indicated that it belonged to the "horror" genre but revealed nothing else. I've found no references to it in any source books and I suspect it's the same thing. I personally would recommend **BARN OF THE MAILED DEAD/NIGHTMARE CIRCUS** to most video freaks so long as they'd already been forewarned that it's more of a

60's style psychotriller than a splatter film and despite the premise, not true blue S&M porn. But then, that's just my opinion. **PSYCHOTRONIC ENCICLOPEDIA** treated it mercilessly and maybe I'm the only person in the world who liked it? Incidentally, **TRUCKLE IN MIND** was not a collaboration with Robert Altman, but rather, a film Rudolph made on his own. Around here, **THEY** **INVASION OF PLANET EARTH** is known only as **INVASION FROM INNER SPACE** and has become a staple of late night television within the last four years or thereabout. **FANTASTIC INVASION OF PLANET EARTH** was the re-title of Arch Oboler's 3-D, **THE RUBBIE** when it was re-leased to drive-ins in 3-D. That's also the only title I've ever known it to use on local television. Research on something else once led to the discovery of a late '70s Canadian obscenity titled **THEY**. I wasn't able to obtain any further information on it, though. Could it have been an a.k.a. for **INVASION FROM INNER SPACE**? I've never seen **DEMON LOVER** but the Christmas Robbins Greg mentions is the stage name of co-director Jerry Tomkins, whom I "think" also penned the script. "Big" director Donald Jackson currently has out on tape a turkey called **ROLLERBLADES**.

Dave Searck

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